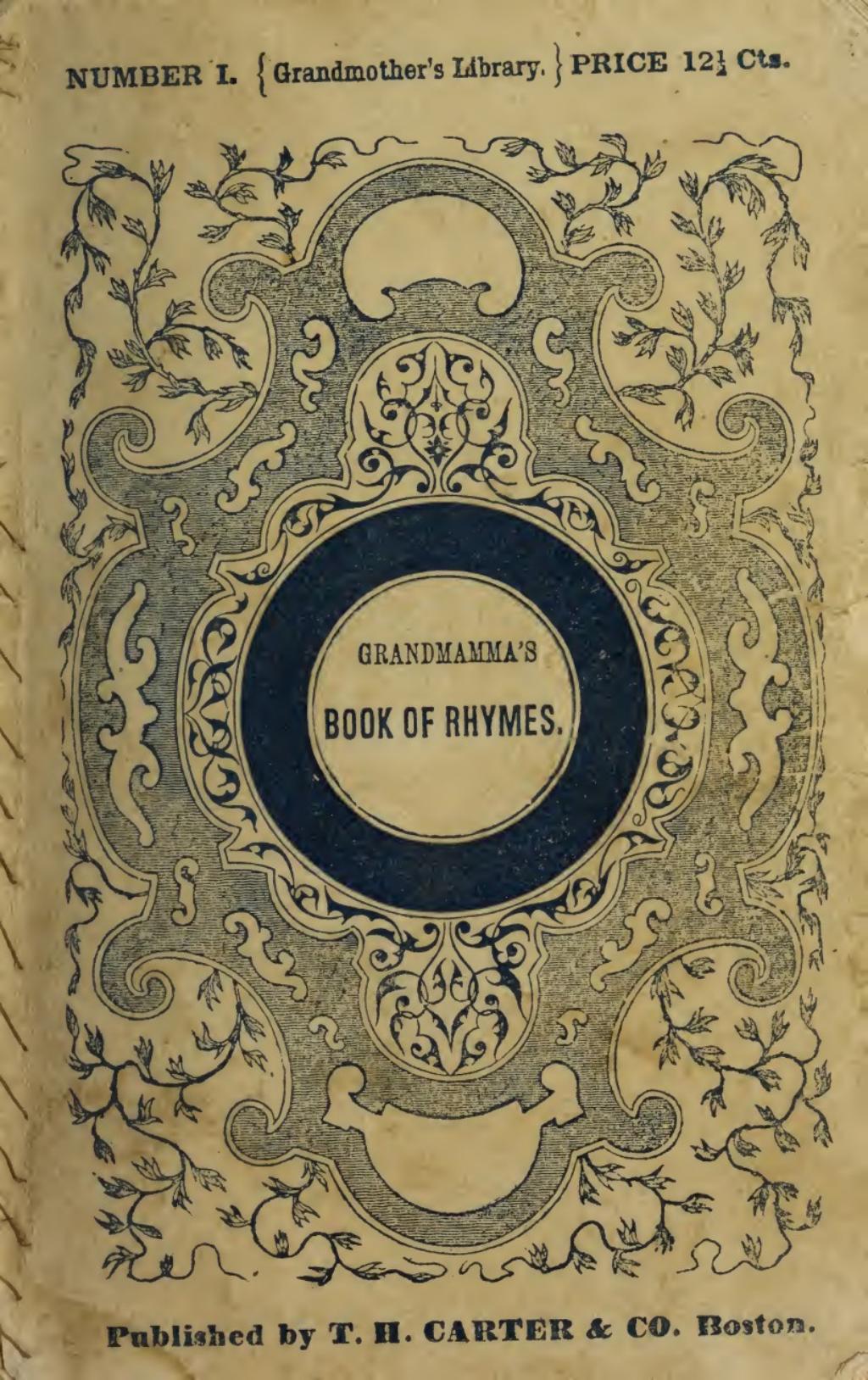


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GRANDMAMMA'S
BOOK OF RHYMES.

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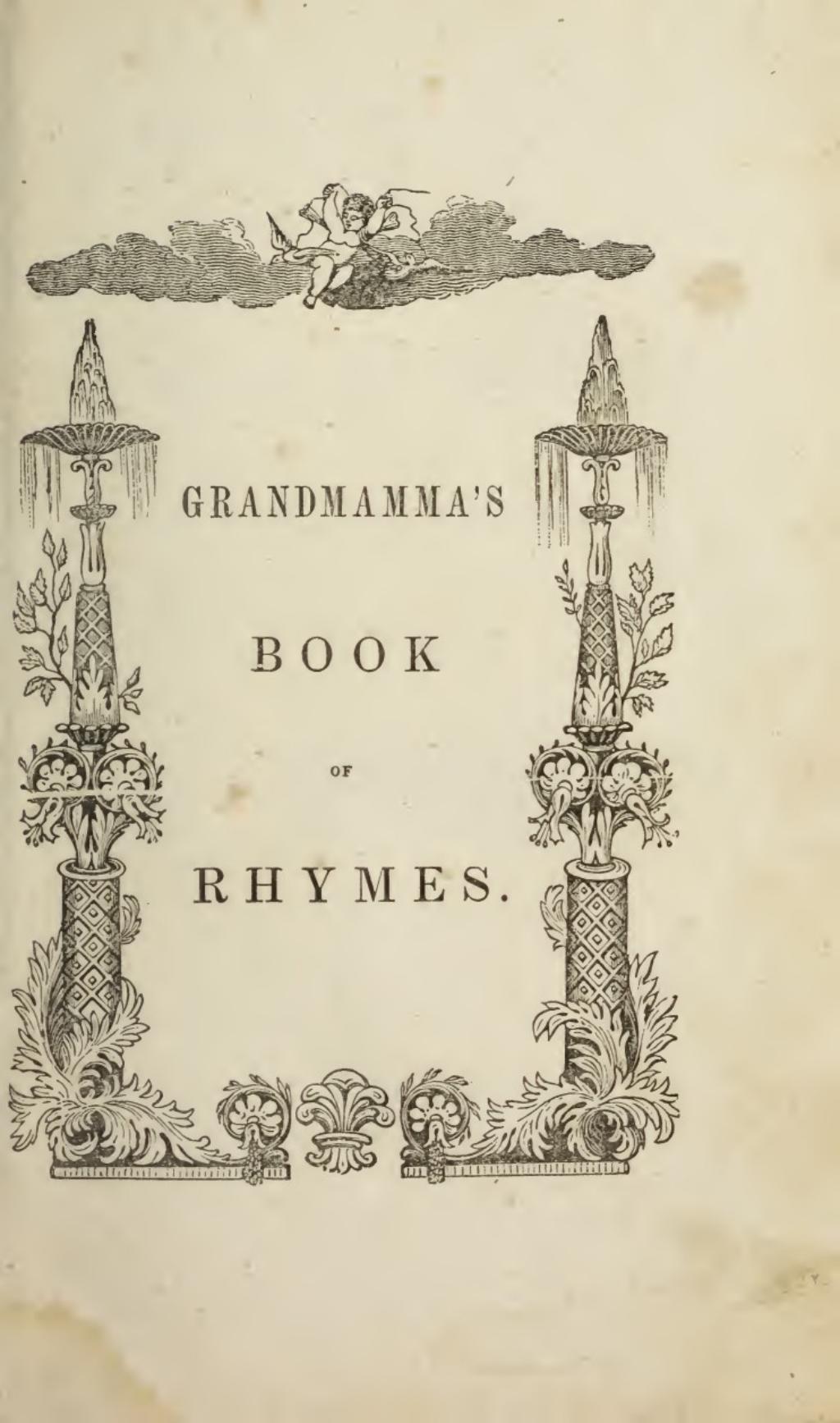
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Amelia F. Chapman

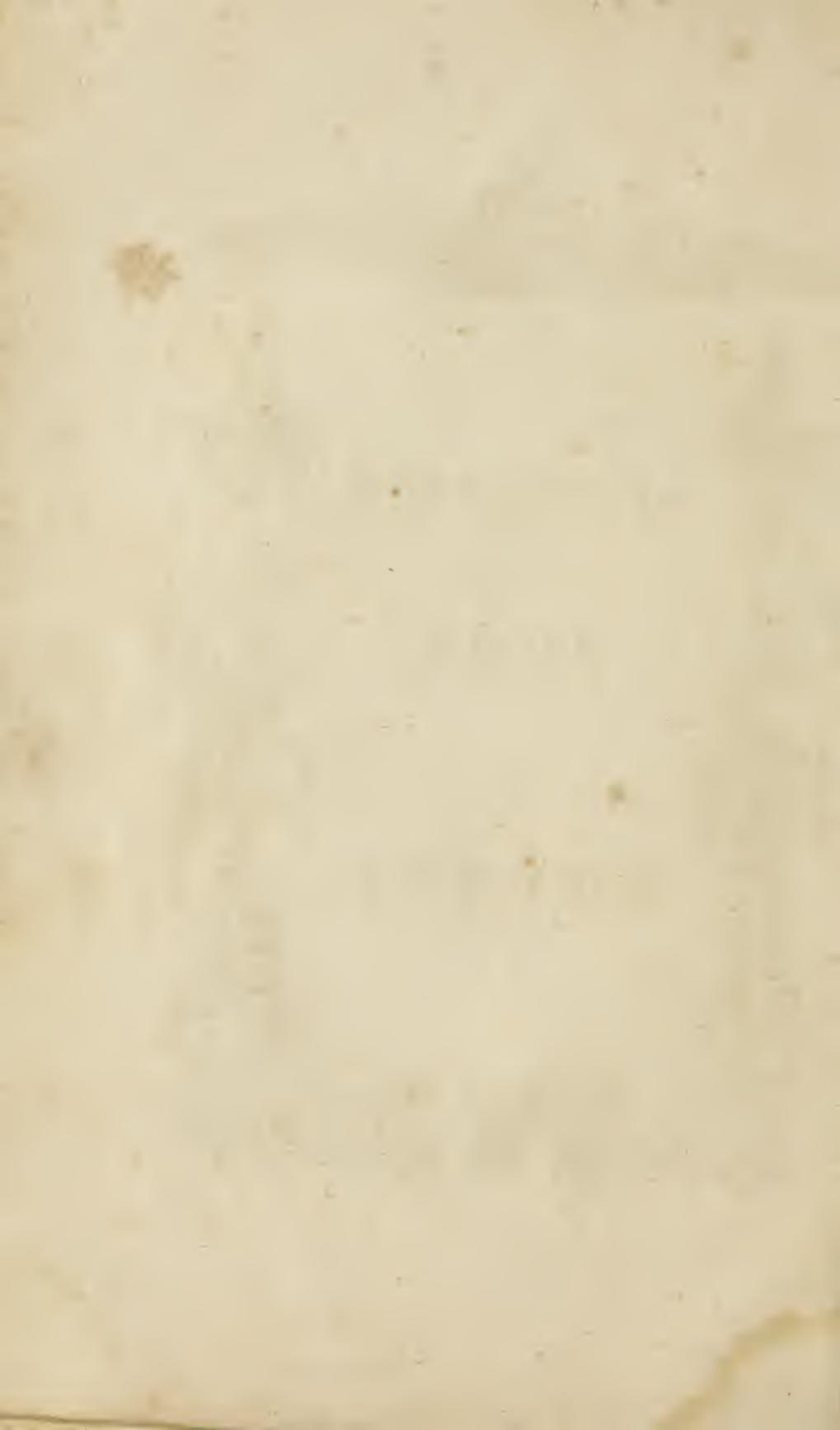
BOYS AND GIRLS MAGAZINE.



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GRANDMAMMA'S
BOOK
OF
RHYMES.



Amelia B. Chapman

GRANDMAMMA'S
BOOK OF RHYMES

FOR THE NURSERY.

Dear Children, come, look
At Grandmamma's book,
With pictures and stories so nice,
That I hope you will find
Them so much to your mind,
You will know them quite well in a trice.

BOSTON:
T. H. CARTER AND COMPANY.
1844.

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GRANDMAMMA'S RHYMES

MORNING ADMONITION TO MY GRANDCHILDREN.

AWAKE, little children, awake from your sleep ;
No longer your senses in slothfulness steep ;
The beasts of the field and the birds of the air
Are up, and rejoice in God's provident care.

To the Author of all things, oh, be not the last
To acknowledge *His* mercies throughout the night
past,
Who has saved you from dangers your hearts can-
not know,
When darkness o'ershadowed all creatures below.

God loves little children ! He sent His own Son,
In form of a child, to instruct every one ;
And children were suffered their praises to sing,
In hosannas before Him, their Savior and King.
Then rise, little children, and with His own prayer,
Approach Him, and beg still His mercies to share.



THE PET LAMB.

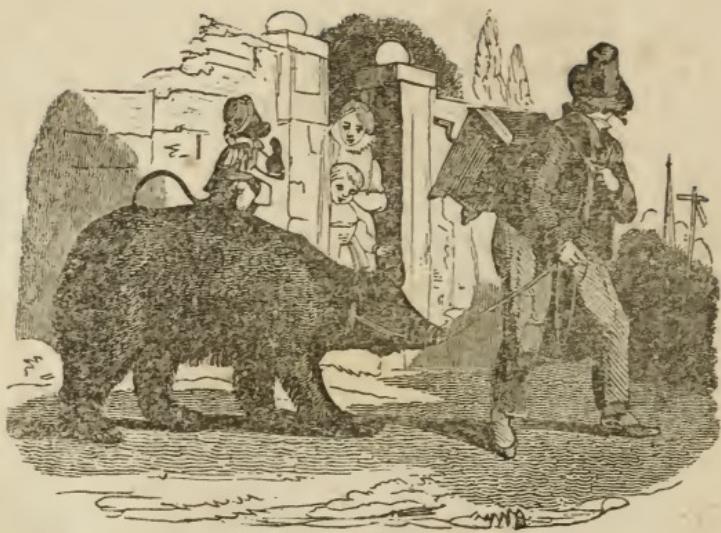
COME, pretty Lamb, do stay with me ;
 You look so very mild,
 I'll love you very much — now see !
 He's scampered off quite wild.

And do you think I'd hurt you, dear,
 You run away so quick ?
 I only want to feed you here,
 And nurse you when you're sick.

I must not fret that you will go,
And run away from me;
I love my own mamma, I know,
And you love yours, I see.

Then keep in sight, do, pretty Lamb,
And crop the meadows gay,
Or gambol near your sober dam,
That I may see you play.





THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

DEAR mamma, do come and see
 What that ugly beast can be
 The man is leading with a string ;
 And look, and see that funny thing,
 Perched on high upon his back,
 With his cakes and nuts to crack !
 I wonder if that is a Bear,
 He lets it sit so quiet there.

I thought that Bears were very wild ;
 But that poor fellow looks so mild !
 I should like to have a Bear,
 If so tame they always are.

That's a Monkey, now I know,
For he grins and chatters so :
See ! he takes the smallest crumb ;
I should like to give him some.
Hark ! what was that frightful noise,
Enough to startle little boys ?
Chatter ! chatter ! scratch and bite !
Now your looks are full of spite.
So, Mr. Pug, I tell you true,
I will not make a pet of you ;
And, Mr. Bear, though tame you look,
You eat your meat without a cook ;
And so, perhaps, for want of meat,
You may think I am good to eat.
So, farewell, funny Pug and Bear,
Tame and curious as you are ;
Content I am with toys to play,
And so enjoy another day.





THE PONY.

A PONY there was, and a good Pony too,
 Who carried a little Boy bigger than you ;
 Well, away very early one morning they went,
 Little Boy and his Pony, with perfect content.
 They trotted away till they came to the road
 Which led to a town, his good Uncle's abode ;
 There lived Grandpapa, Grandmamma, Aunts, and
 Cousins,
 And friends of all parties by dozens and dozens.
 When Pony and little Boy came to the door
 Where lived his good Uncle, as I said before,

The little Boy jumped from his Pony, and said,
“ Now go to the stable, that you may be fed
With some hay and some oats, while I go and say,
I am come to inquire how you all do to-day ;
But I cannot stay long, as Mamma is alone,
For Papa is abroad ; so we soon must be gone,
As I promised that I would not long be away,
Lest Mamma should be wanting me through the
long day.

And when Mamma bids, and has been promised too,
You know what a little child always should do.”





THE DONKEY.

Oh, oh, Mr. Donkey, you mean to stand still,
Nor move till you like, and then go where you will :
But, good Mr. Donkey, a word, by the bye ;
I would not advise you such fancies to try ;
Papa he has promised to go out to-day,
And make you behave very well all the way.

Now do not be stubborn and cross, I entreat ;
'Twill make my heart ache if I see you are beat ;
Come, amble, and walk it, and gallop, and trot ;
If you do as you're bid, you'll not have a hard lot ;

So trot along, Donkey ; be gentle and kind ;
And then we may both have a ride to our mind.

Then be a good Donkey, and go rather quick ;
Give me a good ride, and I'll not use a stick ;
And when we have had a nice ride every day,
In summer, at least, in the fields you shall stray ;
I'll love you, and pat you, and see you well fed,
And in cold winter nights you shall have a warm
bed.

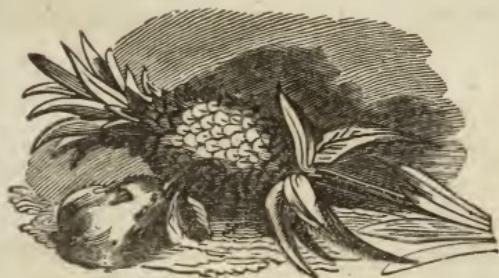




A VISIT TO THE PIG-STY.

So grunt, grunt, grunt, old Piggy cries,
And squeak, squeak, squeak, the young replies.
Oh ! Mistress Pig, pray how d'ye do ?
And your little children too ?
We're come to see you, great and small,
As you're sleeping in your stall.
Now, don't be cross ; we'll do no harm ;
We only want to see how warm
Each one snuggles side by side ;
Some almost the others hide.

We will not rouse you from your sleep;
We only came to take a peep:
So farewell, Mistress Pig, to-day,
And don't disturb yourself, I pray.





THE DOGS.

THE Dog, throughout all Nature's plan,
Above all beasts, is friend to Man.
The Watch-dog guards us while we sleep ;
The Shepherd-dog protects the sheep ;
The Stag-hound's bay inspires the chase ;
The Blood-hound beasts of prey can trace ;
The Fox-hound flies o'er down and dale,
That Hunters may take Renard's tail ;
For Foxes but be killed, they say,
That men may hunt, when hunt they may :

But yet I wish the timid Hare
The Hunting-field would never share :
Enough of enemies she knows ;
And see advance her throng of foes.
With eye of light and limb of strength,
Near the earth and stretched at length,
See the graceful Greyhound bound,
Fleetness in every action found :
With stealthy step, and nose advanced,
His head erect, his eye entranced,
While nought diverts his steadfast aim,
See the Pointer mark his game.
Hark ! that short bark the Sportsman hears,
And knows the Dog with silken ears.
Spaniel, he calls the faithful friend,
Who may his wandering steps attend,
Or in his Lady's chamber stay,
And fondly with his children play.
Bent on the prey his scent has found,
The yapping Terrier scoops the ground,
And drags the hapless vermin out
To glad the school-boys' noisy rout.
Rabbit and Badger, Rat and Mole,
Over his sense bear strong control ;
But honest, patient, faithful, mild,
To Master or to Master's child,
(No snarl or sign of temper shown,)
He's guard, and friend, and servant known.

Various the tribes,— from mightiest kind
To the small Blenheim Pet we find,
All pleasing, faithful, humble, true ;
Be kind to him, he'll follow you,
And share your plenty, want, or toil,
Through every country, clime, and soil ;
And even when, in cold and storm,
Man casts on earth his wearied form,
He tries to stay the parting breath,
And cheer him on his bed of death ;
If succor all his art defies,
Upon his breast he howls and dies.

This oft in story has been told,
On hoary mountains, bleak and cold ;
And firm belief rests in my mind,
For well I know the faithful kind.





THE GOAT.

Willy Goat, Willy Goat, how do you tread,
 Upon the high mountain, just over my head ?
 And Willy Goat, Willy Goat, what did you see
 From the crag of the rock, as you looked down at
 me ?

He saw a good child as he scampered along,
 But he would not attend to the words of his song ;
 For Willy was idle, and seeming to try
 If his horns could not poke out another Goat's eye.
 The little boy sang, as he offered some bread,
 " Willy Goat, Willy Goat, come and be fed :

Come old, and come young, come great, and come
small,

Come, take of my loaf; here's enough for you all."

But Willy Goat pattered away to the plain,
And the little boy brought all his bread back again;
Till he met a poor beggar with hunger half dead,
Who gladly accepted his nice piece of bread;
And Papa and Mamma, when they heard what he'd
done,

Caressed him, and called him their dear little son;
For Goats may with hay and with corn well be fed,
But a poor hungry child likes a good piece of bread.





THE COWS.

Look, dear Mamma, and see the Cows
 Leave the trees with shady boughs,
 To seek the hot and burning sun ;
 Their tails they lash, and off they run.
 I think they leave the shady trees,
 Because the flies are apt to tease ;
 I know I often see them swarm
 Under trees when days are warm.
 Now they seek the waters' brink ;
 There they stand, and seem to think,

“ We have given those flies the slip,
Which haunt our nose, our ears, and lip :
Here contented we will stay,
In the stream, this sultry day,
'Till the Milkmaid calls us home ;
Then most cheerfully we'll come,
And our store we'll yield to you,
Master, Miss, and Baby too.”





THE CAT.

Now, Pussy, do not scratch me, pray !
 I will not hurt your Kitty ;
 You tore my frock the other day ;
 You should not be so fitty.

And now you look so very meek,
 And purr, and seem so pleased,
 As if revenge you would not seek,
 If Kit or you were teased.

I think you're like some little boy,
Who smiles and looks quite good,
Till something happens to annoy ;
Up mounts the angry blood.

A toy is lost, a ball mislaid,
Or bedtime comes too soon ;
In short, so hard to please, 'tis said,
“ He's crying for the moon.”





FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

COME Biddy, come Biddy, come Biddy, come,
 Come bring all your children to me;
 If you do not come quick, you will not find a crumb;
 Mister Cock will eat up all, I see.

I've brought you a breakfast, you dear little dicks,
 Some corn, and some crumbs from my plate;
 The crumbs are for you, my pretty wee chicks,
 And the corn for old hen and her mate.

Mister Cock, and pray why do you make such a shout ?

You make my head ache, I declare ;
You scream so, and flutter your feathers about,
You'll dusty my clothes and my hair !

That's all ! and so now you may all go away,
And pick up your dinner from weeds ;
You *can* have no more if you stay here all day ;
In the field you'll find plenty of seeds.





THE HORSE.

I HAVE a nice Pony ; Papa has a Horse,
 Much taller, and larger, and stronger, of course ;
 He could take him out hunting, with foxes and
 hounds,
 And leap the high fences that part people's grounds ;
 He trots on the road, and he gallops the hill ;
 To go fast he knows, and when to stand still ;
 Though he kicks, and he prances, and canters
 about,
 If by chance from the stable he ever slips out ;

But Robin he brings out some oats in a sieve,
And coaxes him back in his stable to live.
Then he rubs down his back, and combs his long
mane,

That he may be ready when wanted again ;
And he brushes his legs, and dresses his tail,
That his limbs may be pliant to trot down the vale,
Or climb the bleak mountain, or gallop the plain,
And his master can ride without labor or pain.

But Papa is too good and too kind to his horse,
To press his full speed in the hunter's wild course ;
For when a horse founders, goes blind, or gets lame,
“ Very often,” Papa says, “ the rider's to blame.”
And cruel indeed 'tis to ride a poor beast,
And not take good care of his comfort at least —
To ride him and drive him with whip and with spur,
Till the poor jaded creature's unable to stir.
When I see a horse beaten or loaded unduly,
I am apt, very often, — indeed, I say truly, —
To wish that the horse and the man might change
places,
Till the man was well whipped, and had made some
wry faces ;
And then, perhaps, after, he'd feel for the pain,
And never o'erwork or ill-use him again.



THE BIRDS.

I'LL say a few words about some of the birds
 That inhabit this "Land of the free;"
 To tell every kind, I fear I should find
 A task much too mighty for me.

Come Robin and Wren, come Cock and come Hen,
 And Sparrow, attend to my call!
 Come Goldfinch and Linnet, and all that are in it,
 Come out of the grove, one and all!

Hard by in a bush, see Blackbird and Thrush,
 Who warble their song of delight ;
 The Magpie and Jay have so much to say,
 That they may not part till they fight.

The Raven and Crow, as singers, I know,
 Were never for sweetness much named ;
 The Owl and the Hawk have no musical talk,
 As the Pigeon and Dove so far-famed.

The Eagle on high, or the Rook, cannot vie
 In song with the Birds of the Grove ;
 But each in their kind have notes, you will find,
 To sing to their Offspring of Love.

And so of all feather I've jumbled together ;
 And yet more than half are left out :
 The Swallow and Martin I must name ere parting,
 But Water-Birds say nought about.





LITTLE BOY AND HOOP.

ONE time I knew a little Boy
So very fond of play,
He would not leave a new-seen toy,
For all that Nurse could say.

One day a Hoop, quite new and nice,
Was brought him from the fair ;
Away he scampered in a trice,
Forgetting how and where.

Now Nurse had dressed him very neat ;
His shoes quite new he wore,
His trousers white, his dress complete,
With buckled belt before.

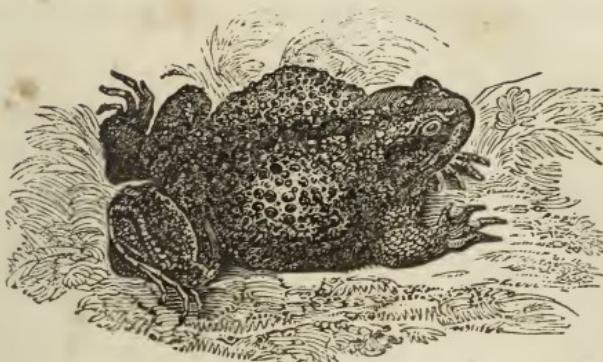
He struck his hoop ; away it went ;
 He struck it round and round ;
 To watch the hoop his eyes were bent,
 Nor saw the sloping ground.

How lucky for that idle child,
 The Gardener, near the stream,
 Marked how this play his steps beguiled,
 And heard his plunging scream.

With hasty steps the Gardener ran,
 And snatched the sinking Boy,
 Who soon had perished ; but the man
 Knew well the treacherous toy.

Hoops, in their proper time and place,
 Are good and fit for play ;
 But 'tis not safe, in any case,
 Near water's brink to stray.





THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.

HAVE you heard of a Frog who a wooing would ride,

To bring back a little Mouse home as his bride ?

With Sword and with Buckler so gay he set out;

How we should have laughed had we met him, no doubt !

But such sad disasters they met by the way,
Would make us all sorry throughout the long day.

Mrs. Mouse she was willing her fortune to try
With valiant Lord Frog in his well just hard by ;
But how she could think of it I can't conceive,
For a Mouse in a well soon must die, I believe.

Her Uncle and she were debating the matter,
 When in bounced Miss Puss, and soon finished their
 clatter,
 And ended their lives ; though if Mousey had tried
 To live in a well, she must surely have died ;
 For a Mouse in a well, or a Frog in a room,
 Must very soon meet with a terrible doom ;
 And sometimes, I think, if *we* made up our mind
 To stay in our places, we safety might find,
 Nor seek something strange, when we surely can't
 tell
 That it may not just end as a Mouse in a well ;
 Or, perhaps, on the search, we may meet as bad
 luck
 As the Frog on his road, who was eat by the Duck.
 So I think, when we're well, we had best be content,
 And not try to alter our nature's intent,
 And keep from the Water, the Fire, or the Air,
 Unless we with talents are formed to live there.





THE PIGEON.

Coo ! Coo ! pretty Pigeon, all day,
 Coo ! Coo ! to your children and mate ;
 You seem in your soft note to say
 That you never knew anger or hate.

And thus little children should try
 To be civil, and patient, and kind ;
 And not to be pettish, and cry,
 When they cannot have all to their mind.

The Insects, the Beasts, and the Birds,
Will often with precepts abound ;
The Dog, and the Flocks, and the Herds,
Full of morals for children are found.





THE CALF IN SOLITUDE.

Poor dear little Calf, are you left all alone ?
 No wonder you make all this terrible moan ;
 If I was shut up by myself all the day,
 I should fret very much, as you do, I dare say.

When your legs are grown strong, you'll soon run
 about,
 And crop the green grass and the daisies, no doubt ;
 In the meadows you then will be gamb'ling away,
 As merry and happy as we are at play.

Now do not continue to make such a cry,
For Susan will bring you some food by and by—
Some milk, and some hay, and some straw for your
bed,
To rest your poor bones on, as well as your head ;
Which I'm sure must be aching with keeping that
riot ;
So do now lie down, and try to be quiet.





THE RABBIT.

Who knows not that Rabbits run wild in the plain,
And make all their dwellings snug under the
ground ?

But, with all their precaution, the Cat is their bane,
And the Dog, Fox, and Weasel are enemies found.

And Man, too, for sport, their destruction contrives ;
To shoot and to hunt them he wastes the long
day ;

But I envy not him who his pleasure derives
From the torture and death of so gentle a prey.

Though Rabbits, as well as some other poor beasts,
Were intended for food, and so eat them we may ;
But sure there's no reason they come to our feasts,
In wantonness killed, for our sport and our play.

Of the skin of the Rabbit man makes him a hat,
To keep his head warm, and to shelter it too ;
Some person, whose business is fitted for that,
May kill them, and furnish a Roast or a Stew.

But I cannot endure to think Children should learn
To destroy for their sport, and in killing delight ;
Since from Death the least creature they cannot
return,
Though they use all their learning, or riches, or
might.





THE HONEY-BEES.

Oh! come to the garden, dear Brother, with me,
 And hark to the hum of the sweet Honey-Bee,
 As he flutters from flower to flower :
 But you must not touch, Brother ; the Honey-Bee
 stings ;
 We must only just look at his delicate wings,
 As he rests on the gay, blossomed bower.

The Bee will not injure the Rose's bright dye ;
 He will only just gather the dust from its eye,

To build up the walls of his nest;
 And with dew from the blossoms, so sweet and so
 clear,
 He fills every cell he has labored to rear,
 And shuts it up tight like a chest.

And so then the Honey-Bee gathers his store
 To provide for the wants of the winter's dull hour,
 When the Sun's cheering brightness is lost:
 Cold Winter no flowers and no fruit will provide,
 And the Bee has no clothing, or warm fireside,
 To protect him from cold, nipping frost.

And we must be busy, and work while we can,
 To study the precepts delivered to man,
 By our Savior, our King, and our Lord,
 That the winter of age may not find us untaught,
 No sweets of religious instruction and thought
 In the cells of our memories stored.





THE WILD WREATH.

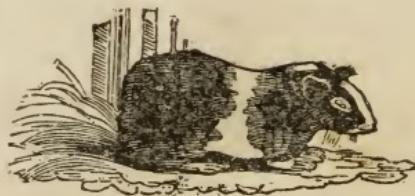
ONLY look at this nosegay of pretty wild flowers
 We have plucked from the hedges and banks;
 The fields are so full, we could gather for hours,
 And still see no space in their ranks.

These Bluebells, and Cowslips, how pleasant they
 look !
 And the Rose and the Violet, how gay !
 I think I must copy them into your book,
 For I'm sure you will like the wild spray.

Here's the Hawthorn so sweet, the Anemone too,
Which loves 'neath the Hazel to grow;
The Orchis, the Woodbine, the Speedwell so blue,
And Stitchwort as white as the snow.

This bright yellow Buttercup add to the wreath,
And the Daisy I'll place with the rest,
Nor hide it, but let it just peep out beneath,
With its pretty tipped white and pink crest.

And now we will tie them up tight with this string;
Or stay, for this ribbon is neater;
The pretty wild Brier we've forgotten to bring,—
Now our nosegay we cannot make sweeter.





THE SHELLS.

HERE's a small box of shells I have brought you
to see ;
Come choose out a handful, and bring them to me,
And their names I will mention to you ;
But perhaps I had better not trouble you yet ;
As their names are so hard, you will soon forget ;
So I only will tell you a few.

Here are Limpets, and Muscles, and Cockles, you
know,
The Oyster, the Scallop ; and here is a row

Of shells by the poor negroes strung ;
 These are little Ciprias, and those with the spots,
 And those like an olive, with teeth and small dots,
 Are all of that kind, old and young.

These shells were inhabited once, which you see,
 By creatures who lived and who moved in the sea,
 With their powers of enjoyment complete ;
 For that God who created and said they were good,
 When he stationed them under the deep, roaring
 flood,
 Gave them natures to suit their retreat.

How good is that Being who takes so much care
 To provide all his creatures with food, light, and air,
 Since His work of Creation began !
 On the Cattle the fields, on the Birds the green trees,
 On the Fish He bestowed the wide paths of the seas,
 And o'er all the dominion of Man.





THE BUTTERFLY.

I HAVE brought you a Butterfly ; look at its wing,
All covered with down ; what a beautiful thing !

I found it quite dead in the sun.
Its life is so short, but a very few days,
And so helpless it seems, that I wonder always
To hear persons wish to be one.

A Butterfly flutters about, it is true,
And does not appear to have much work to do ;
But who would be idle, I pray ?

Of Insects and Reptiles no use can we see;
Yet they have their use, or they never would be
Allowed on this good Earth to stay.

Perhaps they were sent to tell us the Power
Who could clothe e'en an Insect, the child of an
hour,

With such wondrous minuteness and care,
Expects that we suffer no thoughtless neglect
Shall sully our actions, and show disrespect,
Who so much greater benefits share.





THE SPIDER.

COME, look at this Spider, and be not afraid ;
 Observe with what neatness her web she had made,
 To catch some poor fly for her meal ;
 We may not love spiders, they make so much dirt ;
 But as to the dread of their doing us hurt,
 No fears of that kind we need feel.

She is toiling most busily, you must perceive ;
 She spins up and down ; not a thread does she leave,
 But crosses all those she has spun ;

She takes all this trouble to make her work stout,
 Though a breeze e'er so gentle can waft it about,
 And rend all the work she has done.

This insect, so hateful, when working with care,
 May teach us a lesson no labor to spare,
 Who have much greater objects in view ;
 Though the toil of providing our own daily food,
 May be out of our province, I am sure it is good
 Unwearied our duty to do.

May the works we perform, and the knowledge we
 find,
 Engender at all times refreshment of mind,
 The promise to diligence given ;
 Not spin, like the spider, a web to catch flies,
 But strive to attain that more excellent prize,
 Which shall fit and prepare us for Heaven.





GRANDMOTHER'S EVENING ADMONITION.

THE day is departed, and night is come on ;
 The Beasts and the Birds to their shelter are gone ;
 And Children with weariness scarcely can keep
 Their senses from slumber, their eyelids from sleep.

But let not a head on its pillow be pressed,
 No eyelid be closed, and no temple take rest,
 Till praises and prayers have been offered to Heaven
 For the blessings of life and of light which are given.

Ere darkness came over the earth like a cloud,
 I heard the sweet birds singing joyful and loud ;

They seemed to my mind to be thanking the Lord,
Who preserved, and who fed them all day from his
board.

Shall praises be sung by the bird and the brute ?
Shall the Robin be tuneful, and Children be mute,
Who can see, feel, and speak,—while the blossoms
and trees

Bear life, health, and blessing, on every breeze?—

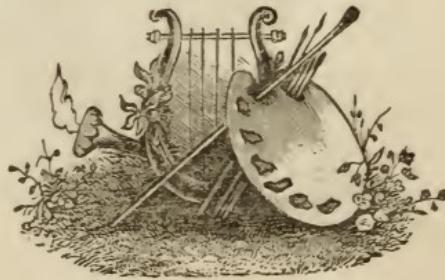
Who have parents or friends to instruct their young
mind

In the precepts and duties enjoined to mankind —
Who are promised their prayers will be answered
and heard

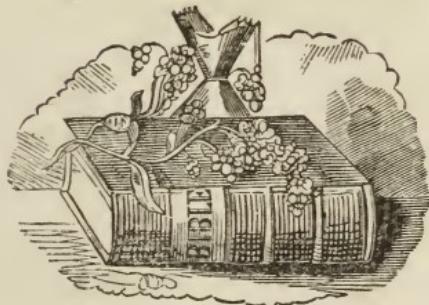
By a God who can never depart from his word ?

Then who would be sleepy, and sink on their bed,
Without a petition or thanksgiving said ?

No, to God let us pray that his will may be done,
And preserve us in peace for the sake of His Son.



THE
WELL-BRED GIRL;
AN ADDITION TO THE
HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS,
CONTAINED IN THE
“WELL-BRED BOY.”



BOSTON:
T. H. CARTER AND COMPANY.

1844.

THE
S T O R Y B O O K ,
FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.



SECOND EDITION, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

BOSTON:
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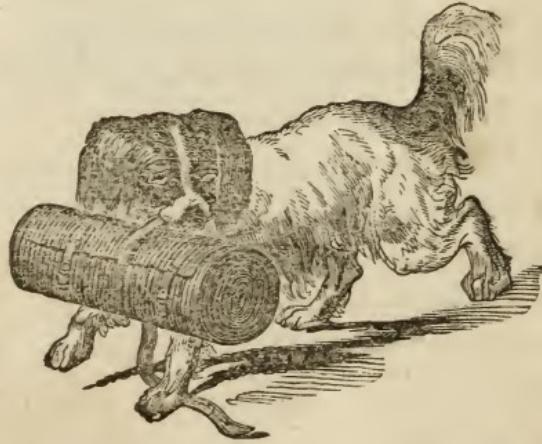
PERSEVERANCE

UNDER

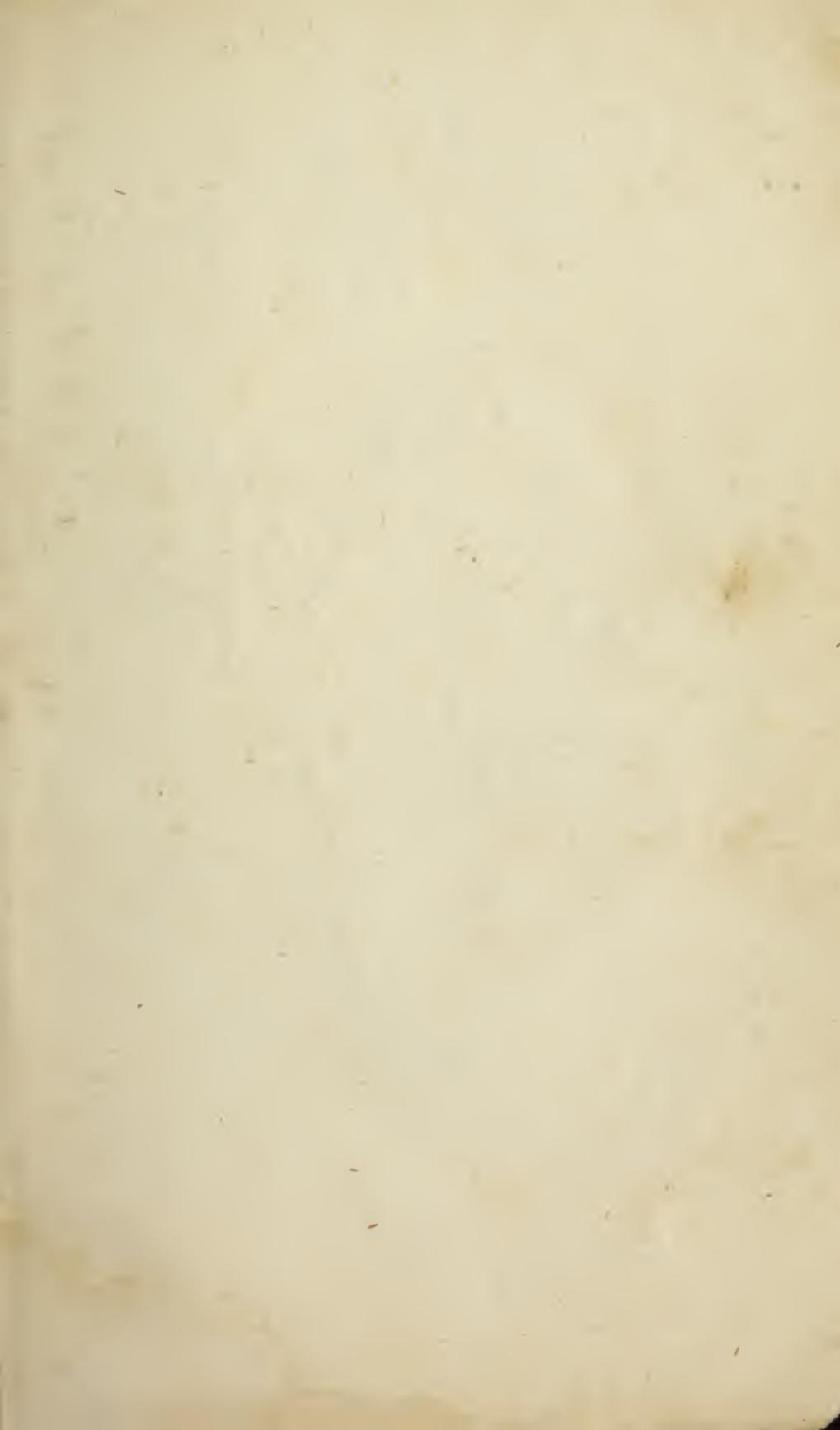
DIFFICULTIES;

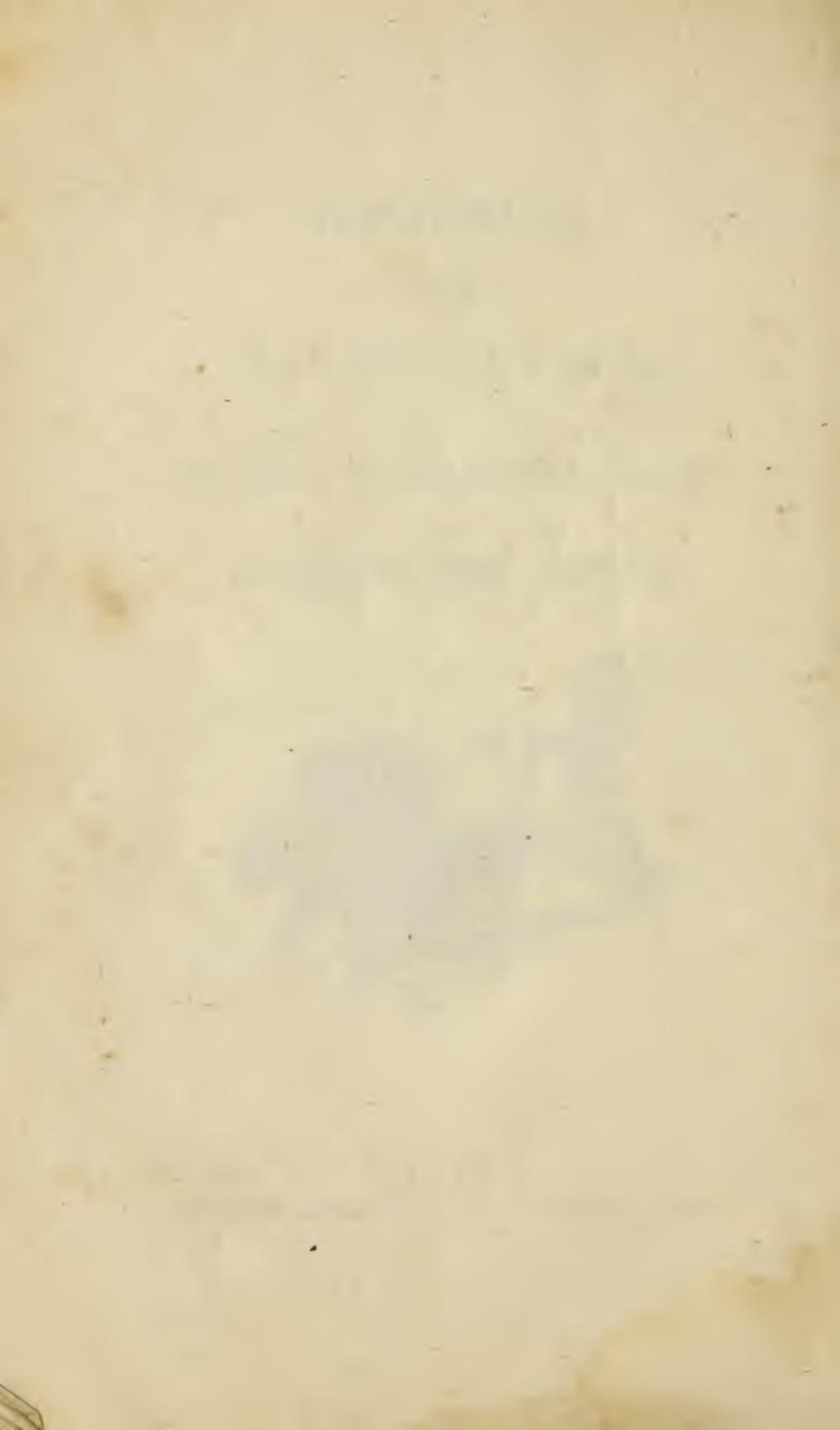
AND OTHER TALES FOR FAMILY READING,

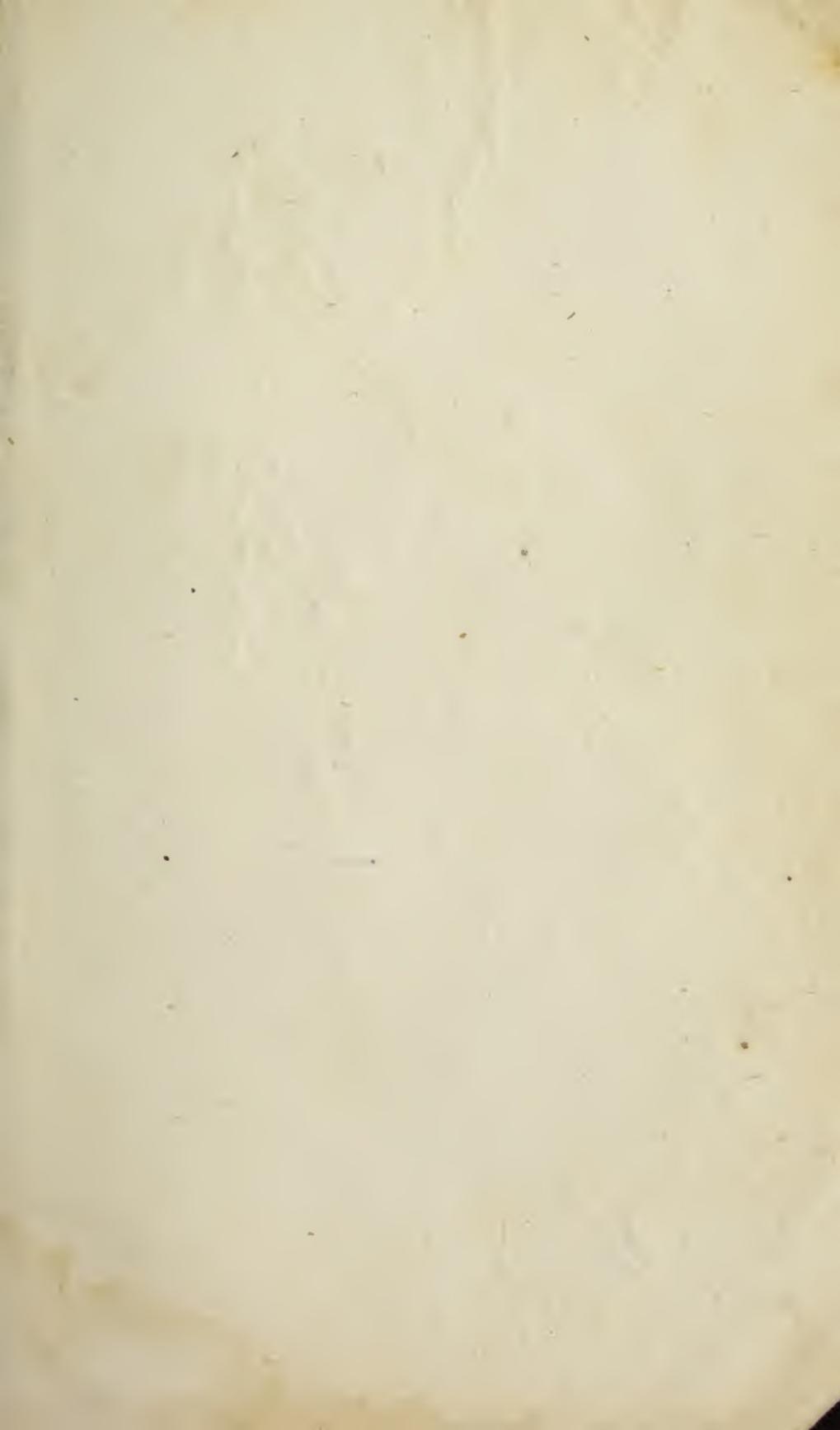
OF A STANDARD MORAL EXCELLENCE.



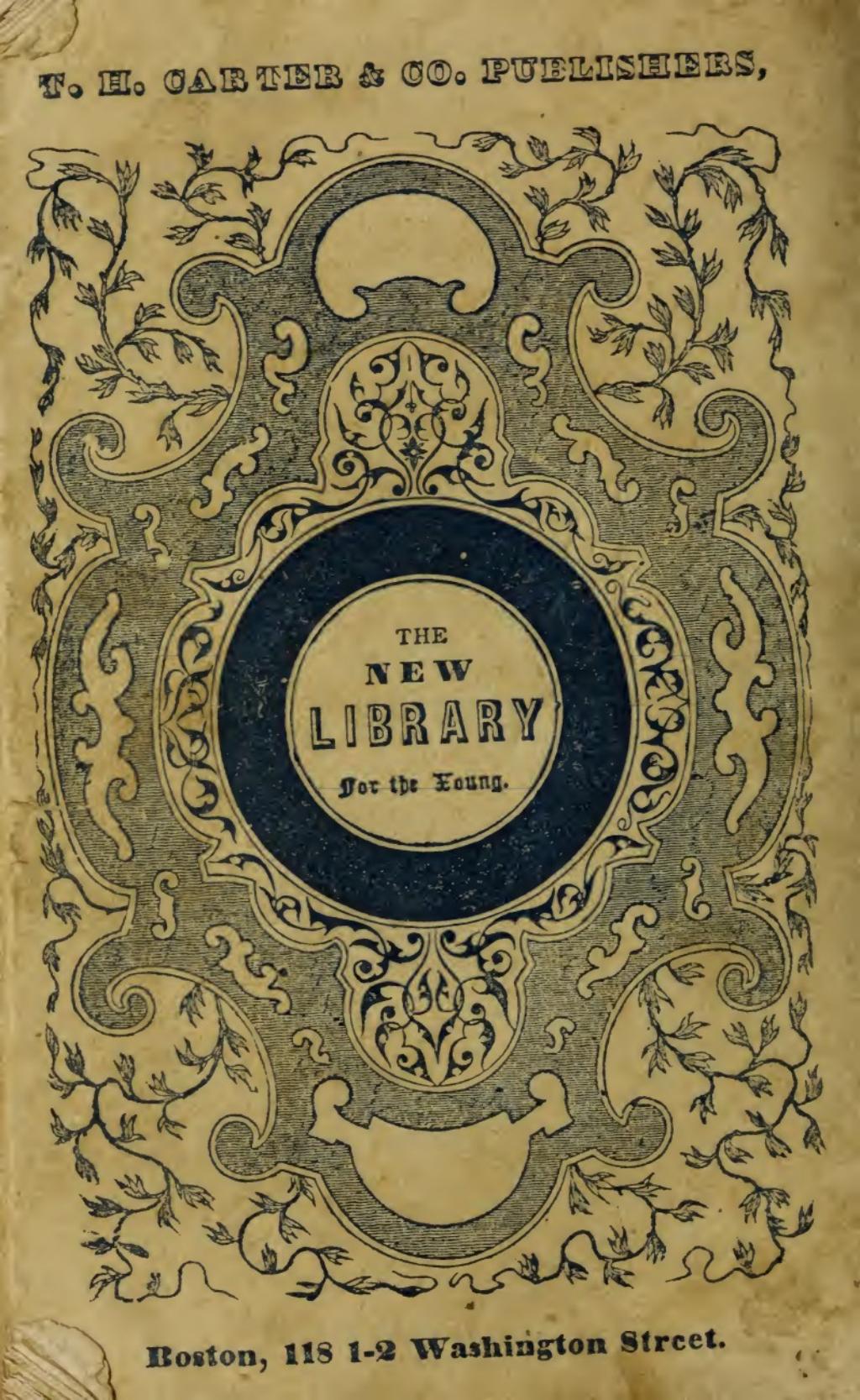
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